

VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

ORSON S. MURRAY, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

EPHRAIM MAXHAM, PRINTER.

VOLUME VII.

BRANDON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1836.

NUMBER 45.

TERMS OF THE TELEGRAPH.

The Vermont Telegraph is published weekly at \$2 a year, payable within four months, or \$2.50 at the end of the year.

To subscribers out of the State, residing more than 100 miles from this office, the paper will be sent for \$3.75.

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THE MORALITY OF THE GOSPEL.

Patience is the charge which some allege, that the gospel is silent on the subject of patriotism. All, however, that can be really meant by such an objection is, that it says nothing of a tendency to fortify and build up a nation in its selfishness; that it confers not on one state a right to forge fetters for another; that it kindles no brand to ignite those popular passions which nature has already made sufficiently inflammable; and to which a vicious education has added the dangerous tendency of spontaneous combustion. But, as far as consistent with his ultimate and unchangeable aim of establishing the universal kingdom of God, our Lord has prescribed every general rule on which the welfare of a country depends; and it would be easy to show, that no evil could possibly befall a state, either in its internal or external relations, which had not arisen from the infraction of one or other of his divine laws.

Besides, it should be distinctly remembered, that *love of country* is a phrase of very uncertain value; that the period may come when it will fall into comparative disuse, since it depends even for existence on the continuance of the present condition of the world. Only let the great society of nations harmonize and blend—only let knowledge go forth in its might, as it is promising to do, and throw down the barriers of conventional prejudice and philanthropy. This is a fact which is beginning to force itself on the conviction of the most reluctant. Even science cannot touch on this theme, without becoming loud and prophetic. It refuses to entertain any project less than the amelioration of the species. It undertakes to convince mankind that every true interest must be universal, that good is indivisible, so that to be enjoyed in perfection by one it must be conferred upon all. But, what science says, the gospel will do. In prosecuting the march which it has commenced, it consults the map of the world. As the sun of righteousness ascends in the firmament, our moral horizon enlarges; those whom we have seen by the brand of ignorance disfigured into phantoms which it was thought meet to hate, are shown to be men whom it is pleasure to love; and thus all kindreds, people, and tongues, are drawn into the close relationship of a family compact, preparatory to their final assembly in heaven.

But, while the gospel aims at universal benevolence, it does not overlook any of the inner and smaller circles of duty; and, as one of these, it takes up, directly, and sanctifies the love of country. In the conduct of our blessed Lord, we behold a holy patriotism so perfect, the love of country embodied. Where did patriotism ever exhibit a nobler burst of sorrow than on Mount Olivet; when "he beheld the city, and wept over it, and said, O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not?" Whose patriotism ever entered what his? He had but twelve offices to bestow; but then they were the highest out of heaven, and these he bestowed on twelve of his countrymen. He had but one gift to impart; but, oh! it comprehended every other—the gift of eternal life; and this he directed to be offered to his country first, "beginning at Jerusalem."—*Great Teacher.*

"I WOULD NOT BEAR THAT."

A Christian said so. One, not a Christian, had been giving an account of his ill usage, and the above was the disciple's reply. A few words with you, brother, about that speech.

It was not well. The man's ill usage was a torch suited to set on fire the combustibles in his heart, and lest there should be a failure of ignition, you must bring a little fire and make sure of it.

You would not bear it. But your Master would, and it was well if you "could not bear" to be unlike him. Paul would have borne it. Pity you "could not bear" a little closer resemblance to Paul.

But what would you have done? Given him a piece of your mind? I suppose. A piece of your heart, rather. Such a heart, I should think you would wish not to have a piece of it seen. But then you must receive a piece of his heart, quite as black, in return. Now you are fairly

at it. Satan cheers up both sides, in all the glee of the demon, malignantly exclaiming, "What a precious disciple of the Prince of Peace!"

"You would not bear it," you said. That was enough. The man heard it from a disciple. The flame of resentment is kindled afresh. It had almost gone out. It would perhaps have been extinguished utterly, but you must add fresh fuel. So it burns again. It may become a fierce, dreadful flame. And he poured oil upon it who professes to have been anointed with the grace of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart"—who, when he was reviled, reviled not again.

So, then, it is not enough for you to indulge a passion which the whole spirit of Christianity forbids, but you must give another countenance in the indulgence of the same indulgence. You must needs augment the powers of sinful principle to another bosom, where it may have been giving fearful tokens of perdition. You could scarcely have failed of giving violence to the passion of anger in that man's bosom; and you gave him countenance by that speech, in any future occasion, for the indulgence of resentment. The influence you have thus exerted over the character and destiny of a fellow being, may be unspeakably happy.

You would not bear it: then others ought not to bear their persecutions; for surely you would not claim for yourself the exclusive honor and happiness of revenge. Paul is at Philippi. A villainous Jew insults him. "Give him a piece of your mind, Paul." And so he does—suppose in a volley of reproach. But he does not turn the next corner before a missile from the tongue or the hand of some malicious pagan reaches him. "You have but one thing to do, Paul—you must not bear that—give him a piece"—stop; if a man may throw any thing in such a case, I see not why he may not as well throw out of his hand as out of his heart, especially since that is "paying one in his own coin," the very sweet and precious principle of revenge. "Therefore, Paul, instead of giving him a piece of your mind, just throw back that stone." And if Paul has fifty such cases in a day, he must dispose of them all in the same manner. And when the day closes, do you not think, brother, he has done a good day's work for an apostle?

You would not bear it—but you had better, for a dozen reasons, of which these are a specimen:—You would please Jesus Christ, the best friend you have in the universe. You would set a lovely and powerful example of one of the most important Christian graces. You might send a deep conviction of his guilt into the bosom of your enemy. You would show the world that your sacred profession is not an empty name. And last, not least, you would disappoint the devil, who delights in finding Christians in a passion, and I beg you would do so.

OBITUARY.

Died in Windsor, Vt., 20th ult., George T., son of Hon. J. H. Cotton, aged 15 years. Seldom has death made a more painful breach in our youthful circle. From early childhood George exhibited those lovely traits of character, and that singular development of intellect, which could not fail to secure universal esteem. Blessed by Providence with an amiable temper, and an affectionate heart, he greatly endeared himself to his young associates. When but a child, he seemed to act under the influence of that heaven-born, expansive charity, which "seeketh not her own"—often denying himself, that he might promote the happiness of his youthful companions.

He early showed a great fondness for books, and often expressed a wish that he might enjoy the advantages of a thorough education. While pursuing his studies, he made such proficiency, that he gave unusual signs of future promise. During the last year of his life, especially, he exhibited a maturity of mind, which would be creditable to riper years.

But George was a Christian. In him were found the happy effects of an early consecration to God. When but 13 years of age, during an interesting revival in Windsor, he became a hopeful subject of renewing grace, and united with the Baptist church. From that time till the day of his death, he was an ornament to the Christian cause. His consistent life, and his active zeal, showed his strong attachment to the interests of Zion. During his last illness his mind was remarkably calm and peaceful. The dying hours presented no terrors to him, for he "knew in whom he had believed." His protracted sufferings were borne without a murmur. Frequently would he express his great satisfaction in submitting to the will of God, and beg of his afflicted friends not to weep for him.

His dying scene was one of peculiar calmness. His earthly work was done. He had no strugglings with the love of life. He longed to lay down his clayey tabernacle. Like the gentle "sinking of the weary worn out winds," he quietly retired to his eternal rest.

"Dearest brother, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deeply feel, But 'tis God that has been true, He can all our sorrows heal." Christian Watchman.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!

THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

I saw a little black cloud rising in the western horizon. In a few minutes it spread over the expanse of heaven, and watered the earth with a genial shower. I saw a little rivulet start from a mountain, winding its way through the valleys and meadows, receiving each tributary rill which it met in its course, till it became a mighty stream, bearing on its bosom the merchandise of many nations, and the various productions of the adjacent country.

I saw a little seed dropped into the earth—the dew descended, the sun rose upon it, it started into life. In a short time, it spread its branches, became a shelter from the heat, and the "fowls of heaven" lodged in its branches.

I saw a little smiling boy stand by the side of his mother, and heard him repeat one of the sweet songs of Zion. I saw him kneel at her feet, and pray that Jesus would bless his dear parents, the world of mankind, and keep him from temptation. In a little time, I saw him with the books of his classics under his arm, walking alone, buried in deep thought. I went into a Sabbath school, and heard him saying to a little group that surrounded him, "Suffer little children to come unto me." In a few moments I went into the sanctuary, and heard him reasoning of "righteousness, temperance and judgment to come." I looked and saw the same mother at whose feet he had knelt, and from whose lips he had learned to lip the name of Immanuel. Her hair was whitened with the frosts of winter, and on her cheek was many a furrow; but meekness sat on her brow, and heaven beamed in her dim eyes, glistening with a tear, and I thought I saw in that tear, the moving of a mother's heart, while she reverted to the days gone by, when this Boanerges was first putting into life, hanging on her lips, listening to the voice of instruction, and inquiring in child-like simplicity, the way to do good; and I said, this is the rich harvest of a mother's toil—these are the rich sheaves of that precious seed, which probably was sown in weeping, and shall bring down your gray hairs, not with "sorrow to the grave," but in the harbor of rest you shall look down on him, who will "arise and call you blessed," and finally greet you where hope is swallowed up in fruition, and prayer in praise.

THANKFULNESS.

We sometimes think that we are thankful, when we have very little cause to take credit on this account; for when our minds are at ease, our bodies in health, and our property seemingly secure, when every want is well supplied, and every wish gratified, what cause have we for thankfulness? It is one thing to be thankful for a well spread table, and another to be thankful for the table crumbs. It is one thing to be thankful when we have all we want, and another to be thankful for whatever God bestows.

So long as God's dealings fall in with our inclinations and add to our prosperity, we may not repine; but when the Trier of the heart and reins puts forth his hand and touches us; when he abridges our comforts, afflicts our bodies, and burdens our minds with care, matters are sadly changed; too often impatience and unthankfulness take possession of our hearts. It is an old remark, that we bear no affliction so well as the afflictions of others. Oh, there is much truth in this. We think ourselves wonderfully patient and contented and thankful, when we hear others complain, without considering that we are not smarting under the scalding drops of affliction that agonize their hearts.

Now the degree of thankfulness that a Christian should try to attain, I take to be this: To have such a sense of God's wisdom and goodness in all his dealings as to rest fully satisfied that what he does must be for the best; so that come what will we can be thankful. God made the sun to gild the earth and skies with glory, and he made the clouds also to shroud his beams. God made the rose to burst forth in fragrance and beauty, and the same stem that it grows on, he has set with prickly thorns. His are the sun and flowers. His also are the shadows and the thorns. Never do we err more than when we make our desires the test of God's mercies; we would have flowers and sunbeams forever, and thorns and shadows make us thankful.

Thankfulness is a hard lesson to learn, unless the Father of mercies is our instructor. That is the right sort of thankfulness which is thankful for all things; believing that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Thankful for much and for little; thankful when comforts are lessened that they are not all gone; thankful when they are all gone, that the Father of mercies is able to provide more; thankful when afflicted with gravel, that it is not the stone; thankful with a broken arm, that it is not a broken leg; thankful whether high or low, rich or poor, in health and in sickness; in life and in death, being fully persuaded that, neither "death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is the Christ Jesus our Lord."

For smoking cigars on the Boston Common, 13 persons have lately been fined \$5 each.

From the Temperance Recorder. MEANS OF LONGEVITY.

Among these I shall, at present, consider only—WATER. It is regarded as capable of demonstration that water is the drink best adapted, in all circumstances, to promote health, wealth, comfort and length of days. And if it promotes the first of these, it tends to secure all the rest. Is it not a fact? First, That our beneficent creator knew what was the material constitution of man? And that his benevolence would naturally provide whatever of food or drink his constitution would require? Has God any where created an animal without making provision for his support adapted to its nature? We know of none. Reason teaches that the drink which he has supplied in nature, is best adapted to prolong our existence.

But human science has demonstrated, that no drink is so pure and well prepared to enter into all parts of the system where liquor is demanded, as water. Other drinks must be digested, or separated in the stomach, before they can be made fit for the calls of the system. Water, in its natural state, is precisely the only thing wanted when we feel what is called thirst. If we take any thing else, it is for the sake of the water which it contains. Water being a component part of all animal bodies, it is that which we need in thirst. To take cider, or beer, or rum, when thirsty, would be as philosophical as to water thirsty plants with them. Our lives may indeed be preserved by these liquors, because they contain portions of water.

But if authorities will establish the position that no drink preserves health and life so well as water, the position may be established by the following quotations and remarks:

It is said of the celebrated Pliny, "That he considered it a great absurdity that mankind should bestow so much labor and expense in making artificially such a variety of liquors, when nature has supplied to their hands a drink of so superior a quality as water."

The celebrated Boerhaave, a medical writer of great note, places water as superior to all drinks, saying, "If drink be required merely for allaying thirst or dryness, and diminishing the acrimony of the fluids, then is pure water, obtained from a clear running stream, the best drink for robust man." Again he says, "Plain food, and water for drink, render our bodies the most firm and strong."

Dr Hoffman, a Prussian physician of great fame, considered water as a preventive of many diseases, as well as an absolute cure of them. His positions are: First, That pure waters are agreeable to the different natures of all men. Secondly, That no remedy can more effectually secure health and prevent diseases, than water." He also observes, "that drinkers of pure water are more healthy and longer-lived than drinkers of wines or malt liquors. It gives them a better appetite, and renders them plump and fleshy. It also preserves their teeth much sounder and whiter." He adds that "drinkers of water are more alert and active in body and mind than beer-bibbers." He speaks also of water as a remedy suited to all persons at all times; that there is no better preservative from distempers; that it is assuredly serviceable in acute and chronic diseases; and lastly, that its use answers to all indications both of preservation & cure. And we find in the writings of this man, an idea which I had often expressed, respecting mineral springs, viz: "The major part of their efficacy is, beyond all dispute, owing to the quantity of pure elementary water which they contain."

A person is afflicted with the dyspepsia, the disease of modern living, and resorts to the mineral springs for his health. There he drinks daily, say fifteen tumblers of the water, and soon derives undoubted benefit. We have not a word to say in disparagement of such medicinal waters; they have efficacy as medicine. But I have a long time supposed, that if some of these dyspepsics should repair to some of our common rivers, drink the same quantity of water from them, and be equally abstemious in their food, they would derive the same or equal benefit. Is it not a fact in many cases, the bodily fluids have become gross and need a diluting process of purification by water. This is confirmed by the history of Dr Rainwater. The secret of his art was first to frighten people from their pernicious habits; and then secondly to cure them by causing them to drink rainwater.

Zimmerman, author of "Solitude Sweetened," declares, "that water is the most suitable drink for man; and does not lack the ardor of genius." He tells us that "Demosthenes' sole drink was water."

Sir John Floyer says, "the water drinkers are temperate in their actions, prudent and ingenious; they live safe from the diseases which affect the head, such as apoplexies, palsies, pams, blindness, deafness, convulsions and madness." "Water resists putrefaction, cools burning heats and thirsts, and promotes digestion."

Another writer observes, "Water drinkers are more healthy and longer-lived than others. In such the faculties of body and mind are stronger, their teeth whiter and more perfect; and their sight less subject to failure."

Another writer says, "All drinks supply the wants of nature, only by the quantity of elementary water which they contain." This sentiment should be remembered.

Dr Gregory says, "The sole primitive and main natural drink is water, which, when pure, is suitable to all sick persons and all stomachs however delicate. Again, 'Pure spring water is the most wholesome drink, and the most grateful to those that are thirsty, whether sick or well; it quenches thirst, cools the body, dilutes and thereby obtains acrimony, &c.' And those who strengthen the stomach, &c. can drink it after it has been cooled and cooled; and all that needs change is the temperature and not the liquor."

Doctor Cheyne says, "Without all peradventure, water was the primitive, original beverage; and happy had it been for the race of man, if other mixed and artificial liquors had never been invented. Water alone is

sufficient and effectual for all the purposes of human wants and drinks."

Doctor Saunders says, "Water drinkers are, in general, longer lived, and less subject to the decay of the faculties, than those who use other liquors."

Says another, "cold water is the most proper beverage for man and for animals; it cools, thins and clears the blood; it keeps the stomach, head and nerves in order, and makes man tranquil, serene and healthful."

On the "art of prolonging life," Doctor Hufeman says, "the best drink is water: a liquor commonly despised and deemed prejudicial. I will not hesitate, however, to declare it to be one of the greatest means of prolonging life." He then mentions a surgeon, who, at the age of forty, was a miserable hypochondriac; but who was afterwards cured by the use of water, and who lived to the age of eighty; his last years being most healthy." Again he says, "Water is the greatest promoter of digestion: it assists all the secretions of the body."

Another says, "Water is of all drinks that which by its constant use, is best fitted to aid in prolonging the life of man."

Still another, "Water is, beyond question, the most natural drink; that of which man made use in his primeval manners." It was the drink of Eden; and were there no transgressions of the laws of our being, it would now be the only drink of man.

The celebrated Dr Jackson, of the British West Indies, says, "I have wandered a good deal about the world; my health has been tried all ways; and by the aids of temperance and hard work, I have worn out two armies in two wars; and probably could wear out another before my period of old age shall arrive. I eat no animal food, drink no wines or malt liquors, or spirits of any kind. I regard neither wind nor rain, heat nor cold, when business is in the way."

Doctor Moreley says, "I aver from my own knowledge and custom, as well as from that of others, that those who drink nothing but water, or make it their principal drink, are but little affected by the climate, and undergo the greatest fatigue without inconvenience."

Navigators from northern regions testify, that the greater part of those who die under the severity of the cold, are those who use other drinks than water; while the water drinkers survive."

Dr Beardsley says, respecting the water drinkers in Asia, near the Himalaya mountains, "that they were able to carry a burden of four cwt; and that one of them had more strength than three British soldiers, as one of their officers affirmed."

These authorities in favor of the superlative excellence of water as our drink, are to numerous and respectable too exist without good reason. And if it be admitted that water is the only liquor which is naturally adapted to the human system, and therefore is the best adapted to health, it follows that it is best fitted to longevity; for whatever promotes health, tends to length of days.

In order that water may have its whole effect, it should be accompanied with temperance and prudence in all our living. In vain do any hope for length of days, except by general habits of temperance and prudence. The secret of health is to preserve the system in general equilibrium; not violating any of the laws of health, by gratifying one at the expense of another.

I will close with a few inquiries which the medical profession may regard as worthy of their attention. Are there not diseases in the community which are of modern origin? If so, are they not traceable to modern modes of living? How far do the arts of cookery tend to disease and brevity of life? Is the St. Anthony's fire the remote effect of modern living? How far have ardent spirits contributed to this disorder, in the successive generations of man? How would the exclusive use of water affect the future existence of that disease?

R. T.
Ashfield, Conn., July 5, 1836.

THE WAY TO A CHILD'S HEART.
Extracts from Abbott's "Way to God."

Many persons are often surprised to see how easily some of their acquaintances will gain the affection of children, and acquire an ascendancy over them. But this is the secret of it. They come down—I do not mean in the actions and demeanor, but in the nature of the favors they show to them—to their level. They excite or employ their mental powers; they speak a kind, word indicating interest in their plays or pursuits; they aid them in their own little schemes, or at least regard them with looks and words of kindness. These are indications of a feeling of kindness which the child can understand; and as we have before seen, it is in proportion to the distinctness with which the feeling of kindness is perceived in one heart, that gratitude and affection are awakened in another.

Here is the failure of many parents.—They stand aloof from their children, occupied by business and cares, or else having no sympathy with their peculiar feelings and childish propensities. The heart of the father, therefore, does not keep so near to that of the child, that there may be communicated to the one the healthy, virtuous action of the other. The place of influence is left to be taken possession of by any body,—a servant, a neighbor, or a boy in the streets, and the father aims at forming the character of his son.—Addressing to him from time to time, as his occupations may give him opportunity, plenty of sound argument and good advice! The boy receives them in silence, and the father hopes that they produce an impression. The downward progress which his heart is making, by his intimacy with sin, is not perceived, but at last, when he is twenty, it can be no longer concealed, and the father perceives to his astonishment that all his good instructions have been utterly thrown away. It is the ascendancy of affection, and that founded on such evidences of interest and good will, as the child can himself appreciate, which will alone give us any considerable power; and if we secure the affection we shall inevitably wield the power.

Hearers and doers.—I remember our countryman Bromhead tells us of one, who, meeting his neighbor coming out of the

church, asked him, "What! is the sermon done?" "Done?" said the other. "no; it is said it is ended, but it is not so soon done." And surely so it is with us: we have good store of sermons said, but we have only a few that are done; and one sermon done is worth a thousand said and heard; for "not the hearers of the law, but the doers of it are justified: And if ye know these things, blessed are ye if ye do them." Glory, honor, and peace to every man that worketh good. Rom. ii. 10.—*Bishop Hall.*

General Association of Massachusetts. The meeting this year was in Worthington. It was remarked by an old man, that sixteen years ago, when the Association met in a town adjoining Worthington, the people sent to Hartford for a supply of the best spirituous liquors.—"Now," says he, "the ministers won't even drink cider!" It is worthy of devout thankfulness that the meetings of our clergymen, and the social interviews of many of our laymen, are found to have excitement and animation sufficient for all purposes, without the aid of exhilarating and deadly poison.—*Temp. Rec.*

From the Narrative of the State of Religion in Massachusetts.

The cause of temperance is, in most instances, making delightful progress. In the counties of Plymouth, Barnstable, Bristol, and Norfolk, there is no license for the sale of ardent spirits.

The General Association of New-York reports, that the "cause of temperance is advancing in the limits of this body."

Andover Association. The cause of temperance has made evident progress.—All our churches now require a pledge from all admitted to them, to abstain totally from the use of ardent spirits as a drink, and there probably has never been a time when this cause promised such speedy and universal triumph within our bounds.

Middlesex Union Association. The cause of temperance has been intimately connected with the prosperity of our churches, and no individual who manufactures, or vend, or uses ardent spirits as a drink, can now be admitted to unite with any of them; and in but a few of them can any individual be found who touches, or handles the accursed thing.—And we trust that the time is not far distant when no person will be satisfied with his own christian character, so long as he constantly or even occasionally uses as a drink that which produces or can produce intoxication.

Barnstable Association. A glorious change has taken place in regard to the use of intoxicating liquors. Formerly, intemperance was a prevailing vice, but now temperance societies exist in every town and village, and embrace the most influential inhabitants, and no retailer's license has been granted in the district for four years.—*Temperance Recorder.*

Vintage of 1835 at Greenbush, N. Y. SEVENTY HOGSHEADS of molasses, with "drugs and dye stuffs" in due proportion were used last year in a single establishment at Greenbush, to make "coloring for liquors."—*Temp. Rec.*

The end of the "temperate bar keeper." A well dressed man, about 35 years old, found lying drunk in the street, with his head and arms cut and bruised, was sent over to Bridewell, where he expired in a few hours. He was formerly bar keeper at the United States Hotel in this city.—*New-York Observer.*

DEATH OF THE INFIDEL.

It is an awful commentary on the doctrine of infidelity, that is most strenuous supporters have either miserably falsified their sentiments in the moment of trial, or terminated their existence in obscurity and utter wretchedness. The gifted author of the "Age of Reason" passed the last year of his life in a manner which the meanest slave that ever trembled beneath the lash of the taskmaster could have no cause to envy. Rousseau might, indeed, be pointed out, as in some degree an exception—but it is well known, that the enthusiastic philosopher was a miserable and disappointed man. He met death, it is true, with something like calmness.—But he had no pure and beautiful home beyond the perishing things of this natural world. He loved the works of God for their exceeding beauty, not for manifestations of an overruling intelligence.—Life had become a burthen to him, but his spirit recoiled at the dampness and silence of the sepulchre—the cold, unbroken sleep, and the slow wearing away of mortality. He perished a worshipper of that beauty which but faintly shadows forth the unimagined glory of its Creator.—At the closing hour of day, when the broad west was glowing like the gates of paradise, and the vine-hung hills of his beautiful land were bathed in the rich light of sunset, the philosopher departed. The last glance of his glazing eye wasted him an everlasting farewell to hope—the last homage of a god-like intellect to holiness and beauty. The blackness of darkness was before him—the valley of the shadow of death was to him unescapable and eternal—the better land beyond was shrouded from his vision.—*Whittier.*

Philosophy of borrowing.—"Will you lend father your newspaper, sir? he just wants to read it!" "Yes, my boy; and ask him to lend me his dinner—I only just want to eat it!"